

THE GLEE HOUSE—*A Tale.*

FOUND IN THE CABINET OF A LADY OF DISTINCTION, LATELY DECEASED.

(*Concluded.*)

YES, my son, continued he, such an event would yield a ray of felicity to the closing evening of my life; I am not disinterested solely in my friendship, and expect this return for it—my wealth, my most perfect esteem shall then be yours.

Coverly hastily rose from his seat; his cheeks were flushed, and his eyes sparkled with indignant haughtiness:—

Retain your wealth Sir, he exclaimed, your esteem I wished to preserve, but on these terms cannot purchase it.

Worlds would be no equivalent for a union that a reluctant heart must render everlastingly wretched.

Know Sir, I would not give up the delightful privilege of loving, though despairingly, one of the first in my opinion, of her sex, for the sordid advantage of rising into splendor.

When your friendship was offered me, I sketched out prospects full of extacy, and looked to participating my happiness with the only object who could afford me any; the fabric of my hopes is raised to the dust;—but I'm inured to disappointments, and though this is the severest stroke, I trust it will be sustained without another complaint.

But surely Sir you will not deprive me of your esteem; my soul already ruffled by two circumstances would feel yet more disgusted with the world, should the sweet bond of friendship, it was entering into with you, be thus rudely broken.

Deprive you of my esteem, exclaimed Montfort, rushing into his arms, and falling on his neck, unable, from his powerful emotions, to utter more.

True son of Isabella, cried he, recovering, such was her spirit, her nobleness, her fortitude; oh! thou who art bound in my heart and interwoven in all its affections, didst thou suppose I would lead thee from thy pictured felicity?—I mentioned a lady of fortune, and in my estimation she has the most valuable of all possessions: Virtue, innocence and beauty, great is her dowry, ineffimable her worth;—take to thy arms oh Coverly, take Constantia to thy noble breast!

Coverly started! his uplifted clasp'd hands, and speechless rapture evinced more strongly than words, his gratitude and joy; the deadly paleness of Constantia gave way to natural blushes;—in the height of her agitation, her cup fell from her hand on Jasper's foot, fortunately the contents were not very warm, yet

sufficiently so, to make him leap from surprize, to the farthest part of the room.

Need I say Mr. Montfort had occasion to reiterate his words to Coverly, oh! no, he clasped his Constantia to his heart, a heart which had so long, so constantly, so sadly sighed for her.—Oh! Virtue and Sincerity, how great was thy reward at that moment?

And am I to call Constantia mine? cried he, in half broken accents;—no fears to oppose?—with thee to unite my fate;—say my beloved, am I really possessed of such bliss?

Her tears fell—her tears of joy she could not suppress,—yes, dear Coverly, she gently said, ever precious to me will be the remembrance of this hour.

Serenely, said Montfort, may ye walk through life; and should Providence assist, from Sympathy and love may balm be derived; but oh! be every ill averted from your heads; thine be the roses unmixed with thorns,—so shall my life, long obscured in clouds, set at last with some degree of brightness.

All now was gratitude and acknowledgements; till the first impetuosity of those sensations subsiding, they began to grow a little rational and composed.

Mr. Montfort, now noticed the dejection of Jasper's looks; who was sitting very ruefully rubbing his foot.

As for you my young hero, cried he, we all perceive that you are at least, vulnerable in your heel, like the great Achilles;—and I make no doubt but your heart is also penetrable to the soft influence of a sly urchin, denominated—Love.

I have in some degree, a property like Pope's Aerial, of looking into the human breast;—and I think I've discerned something in your's and a certain lady's, which looks like sympathetic feeling.

Why, what Sir? exclaimed Jasper, has Miss Lucy discovered?—if she has upon my—

Here the parson interrupted him, for he had an aversion to swearing, and saw an expression in his countenance, that threatened something tremendous.

The anger of Jasper quickly led to a discovery of its cause, and when the letter was produced, which he had not power to destroy, from beholding the signature of "Lucy Montfort," nothing except Constantia's confusion, could equal that of the young lady's.

His sister's embarrassment convinced them she was the culprit: she pleaded guilty,—received a chiding from Coverly,—a rebuke from her mother, for distressing the sweet child;—and was told by her father, that she had deviated from the Golden Rule.

But it's impossible to describe the transports of Jasper—starting up, forgetful of pain and ridicule, he caught Lucy's hand to his lips; and

seized Mr. Montfort's with a squeeze, that made the old gentleman hastily strive to disengage it.

His resentment to his sister was not quite appeased; and he assured her, he would not write the epithalamium he had long ago planned against her marriage.

To have my fair kinswoman settled, said Montfort, is now all I can desire; 'tis certain she and you, my friend Jasper, know each other but a short time; but in affairs of happiness I always wave ceremony—there is an artlessness in both, which at once declares the disposition, and shews time is not wanting to discover their propensities;—why then should there be any delay?

Aye, why should there? exclaimed Mrs. Owens, her eyes swimming in tears of delight, my maxim is to secure good when it's offered; ah, bless you, I'm not one of those shilly shally folks that stands as if I didn't know whether to take or refuse what I have a desire for.

No, that you are not, my love, said the parson, don't you remember how you threw me out of my chair, once in your hurry?—and how another day you broke the set of candle-cups your aunt Bridget gave you, by your haste?

Mr. Montfort interrupted the parson's enumeration of accidents, by leading Jasper to the blushing Lucy, who at first hesitated, but, as her inclination coincided with his, (though modesty deem'd it necessary at first to oppose) she soon yielded consent to change her state on the same day with Constantia; and received from the transported Jasper, a string of compliments quite in the sublime order.

Mrs. Owens appeared scarcely sensible of what she was doing; in vain her husband preached moderation—all was hurry and schemes of grandeur; and in this derangement of ideas, she was near demolishing some of his manuscript sermons, to put under confessionaries, had he not timely entered, and rescued them from her merciless hands.

The wished for morning at length arrived;—the party walked to the church without any pomp, innocence and felicity were alone in their train, the birds from every bough appeared to sing hymeneals, and to their gladdened eyes the earth wore a more smiling aspect;—such the sweet effect of joy, to paint all objects with brighter colours.

Montfort gave both ladies away; and the good parson tied the irrevocable knot.

The villagers were prepared to receive them on their return; and at the desire of Mr. Montfort, tables were spread for their entertainment under the shady trees; and in the evening, the lads and lasses in their holiday attire, led up a rustic dance to the sound of the tabour and pipe, on the lawn; while amongst them were distributed white knots, and bridal cake to dream of their sweet-hearts.

Having now I think, (as Adam says) brought my story to the sum of earthly bliss, I cannot conclude, without first relating the establishments of my hero's and heroines:—

Montfort, their generous friend, provided for all;

Coverly's house was enlarged, but still retained all the simplicity of architecture; from its amiable inmates he experiences that soothing unremitting attention, which has diffused felicity through his mind; he has made it his constant abode, and terms it—the residence of true content.

Jasper took orders, and has a beneficial living about five miles from the Glebe;—he perseveres in that path which his father led him from his infantine days; possessed of conscious rectitude, an amiable wife, and a blooming progeny, he boasts a happiness, even the great might envy.

Pure and unruffled flow on the days of Coverly and Constantia.—Montfort's tears often steal down, from the fullness of joy in beholding theirs; and, in those moments he withdraws to solitude with his little God-daughter Isabella, in whose features, he traces a resemblance of his ever beloved.

The parson and his wife, are as happy a couple as live;—and though she sometimes takes a short flight from the nest, she always returns to her lovey with smiles of affection.

Mr. Montfort seeks the dwellings of the wretched, cheering and relieving every child of sorrow;—so that the poor inhabitants have reason to bless the hour he settled near the Glebe House.

We have long detained our readers in a simple mansion, from which, perhaps, they thought nothing could be observed worthy regard;—though the prospect is plain and unvariegated, we trust, no object appeared in it, that had not a tendency to prove that—a perseverance in prudence and virtue only can bestow felicity.

We now bid them FAREWELL; and hope, if they have found nothing in *The Glebe House* to applaud, they will at least, be a neutral power, and not condemn.

REFINED CRUELTY.

From Wimpfen's Voyage to St. Domingo, in 1790.

A Lady whom I have seen, a young lady, and one of the handsomest in the island, gave a grand dinner. Furious at seeing a dish of paltry brought to the table overdone, she ordered her negro cook to be seized, and thrown into the oven, yet glowing with heat. And this horrible Megara, whose name I suppress out of respect to her family; this infernal fiend, whom public execration ought to drive with every mark of abhorrence from society; this worthy rival of the too famous Chapeton,* is followed, and admired—for she is rich and beautiful!

The day before my return, I was walking before the tafa of a planter with one of his neighbours, when we overheard him bid a negro go into the inclosure of this very neighbor, pull up two young trees which he pointed out to him, and re-plant them immediately on a terrace he was then forming.

The negro went; the neighbor followed him, surprised him in the fact, and brought him to his master, whom I had by this time joined, in the hope of witnessing a scene of confusion which promised to be amusing.

Conceive, sir, what passed in my mind, when, on the complaint of the neighbor, I heard the

master coldly order another of his negroes to tie the pretended culprit to a ladder, and give him an hundred lashes! We were both of us struck with astonishment, that, stupified, pale, and shuddering, while the unhappy negro received the barbarous chastisement in silence, we looked at one another without being able to utter a single word—And he who ordered, he who thus punished his own crime on the blind instrument of his will; at once the dastardly perpetrator and the unfeeling witness of the most atrocious injustice, is here one of the first organs of the law, the official protector of innocence! Heavens! if a pitiful respect for decorum forbids me to devote the name of this monster to eternal infamy, let me at least be permitted to hope that Divine Justice will hear the cries of the sufferer, and sooner or later accumulate on the tyrant's head, all the weight of its vengeance.

* A planter of St. Domingo, who, in the same circumstance, seeing the heat shrivel and draw open the lips of the unhappy negro, exclaimed in a fury, "The rascal laughs."

ESSAY ON FRAUD AND DISHONESTY.

By the late Gov. LIVINGSTON.

SHOULD one remind our every day, cheating, pretended christians, of the eighth commandment, and say, *thou shalt not steal*; Would they not resent the admonition with the indignation of Hazael, upon another occasion, *Is thy servant a dog that he should do this*? And yet, what is the difference between downright theft, and the frauds daily committed amongst us? In contemplation of law, indeed I know there is a distinction, both as to the definition and the punishment of the two crimes. But I mean in equity and conscience. For nothing is more frequent in law, than a distinction without a difference. For stealing consists in secretly possessing ourselves of another man's property, without his consent, and with intent to convert it to our own use. Is not fraud attended with every essential ingredient of theft? In the latter case, I own, that the person defrauded doth in one sense, agree to part with his property, or he would not assent to the bargain: But he only agrees to it in the sense in which the matter is represented to him by the fraudulent dealer—and that being by the supposition, altogether a fallacious representation, he does in reality not agree to it at all. Property therefore so acquired, is in fact, and in *foro conscientie*, as much stolen as ever were any goods and chattels that were feloniously carried off by *Jonathan Wild*. Fraud! deliberate fraud! A crime in itself of the most atrocious nature, of the blackest malignity, and the most pestilent consequences. A crime destructive of all trust and confidence amongst men—of all justice and equity, the grand support of the world—and directly tending to the utter subversion of society. To a man so totally depraved and corrupt, as to be capable of such villainy, are doubtless applicable to the emphatical words of Ezekiel, "*Thou hast greedily gained of thy neighbor by extortion; and hast forgotten me, saith the Lord*." And yet, what legions of grave looking thieves have we in almost every part of the country? Fellows, that will even borrow the venerable garb of religion the better to facilitate their fraudulent and insidious purposes; and with all their adjusted physiognomy, and *Oliverian* cant, will cozen their neighbor with as much composure, and as

little remorse, as they would gulp an egg dram or a quart of grog. Nay, I insist upon it, that thus stealing under covert and the mask of honesty, is a crime more aggravated than what the law calls theft; because a crime committed under the cloak of religion, or a warm profession of integrity, is the more criminal and detestable for the superaddition of hypocrisy to its own native and intrinsic criminality. Who is that affectedly demure and anchorite looking fellow yonder, with a countenance as fixt and solemn, as if he had been cut out of a locust tree? And driving a carriage with a cord of wood that is less than half a cord? Not a single feature or linament in motion save the elevation of his eyes, and those too highly elevated for an upright heart! If he is an honest man, I shall wonder at it; because I never saw an honest man wear such a face. And yet *the church would be wounded through his sides, should he not be punctual to his engagements, and honest in all his dealings*. Honest in all his dealings! Why he will cheat you the very next morning with as keen an appetite as he eats his breakfast.

And what is truly deplorable, fraud and dishonesty are become so common, as to have in a great measure destroyed that innate shame, which is one of the most powerful preservatives from licentious practices, and a considerable succedaneum in commercial transactions, for the want of real virtue. Nay I have known some so stupendously depraved, as to boast of having what they called *cleverly flung their neighbor*, and appearing totally remorseless about it, because it was so general a practice. But, will it be any consolation to a knave, to be turned into hell with a numerous company? Ponder upon this, ye abandoned flagitious deceivers, *who glory in your shame*, and whose consciences are seared with a hot iron. Ponder upon it I say; and determine, from this moment, never to cheat again. It is in the final result, (and by this, the real value of every thing is to be essayed) the most unprofitable, gainless traffic in the world. Perhaps this reflection, since Plutus is the idol you adore, while *by unjust gain you increase your substance* may arrest your further progress in iniquity. For be it known to all of you, who in the words of Isaiah, *look every one for his gain from this quarter*, that you must refund every farthing of it, or abandon all hopes of happiness in a future world. Every farthing. For, what is the hope of the hypocrite, says Job, *though he hath gained, when God taketh away his soul*? But, will not the Almighty forgive me, you ask, upon my sincere repentance? The Almighty will undoubtedly forgive every sincere penitent, for himself *gives repentance as well as the remission of sin*; but in your case there can be no sincere repentance without restitution. How can a man be said to repent of having defrauded his neighbor, without making him reparation for the fraud? It would be a mocking of God to pretend it: *And God will not be mocked*. A genuine repentance of the commission of any crime, necessarily implies a cordial desire that it never had been perpetrated; and the only solid evidence of the sincerity of such desire, is the undoing, in reality, the injury committed as far as possibly we can. Hence says the prophet Ezekiel, *if the wicked restore the pledge, and give again that he hath robbed; then he shall surely live*. From which necessarily follows, that without such restitution, he shall surely die. Accordingly we find that when Zaccheus repented, he re-

and four fold. He then became so honest as to think that those he had injured were entitled to interest for the detention of their money, as well as to the principal sum, out of which he had wronged them; and a very liberal interest he paid. And do you, who live upon fraud, expect to repent without any restitution? Depend upon it, you are as much imposed upon by the Devil, as ever you imposed upon your neighbor; and whatever bargain you got out of him, Satan, more dextrous in deceit, will make a sure one of you. Restore therefore, your fraudfully acquired gain; or with the gain of the whole world, expect to lose your soul. What a bargain, after all your cleverness at deceiving your honest, untrusting, credulous brother! What a tremendous bargain! Restore, I say, or in you will be awfully justified the denunciation of Jeremiah, *as the bridge setteth on eggs and hatcheth them not, so that getteth riches and not by right, shall leave them in the midst of his days; and at his end shall be a fool.* Be therefore dissuaded from dying a fool, which in the language of holy writ, signifies a wicked man; and prevent to fatal exit, from this world into eternity, by taking the advice of St. Paul, *let us walk honestly.*

Method of making Mortar, which will be impenetrable to moisture.

From Mr. Dossie's Memoirs of Agriculture.

TAKE of unslacked lime and of fine sand, in the proportion of one part of the lime to three parts of the sand, as much as a laborer can well manage at once; and then adding water gradually, mix the whole well together, till it be reduced to the consistency of mortar. Apply it immediately, while it is yet hot, to the purpose either of mortar as a cement to brick or stone, or of plaster for the surface of any building. It will then ferment for some days in dry places; and afterwards gradually concrete or set, and become hard: but in moist places it will continue soft for three weeks, or more; though it will at length attain a firm consistence, even if water have such access to it as to keep the surface wet the whole time. After this it will acquire a stone-like hardness, and resist all moisture.

The perfection of this mortar depends on the ingredients being thoroughly blended together; and the mixture's being applied immediately after to the place where it is wanted. In order to this, about five labourers should be employed for mixing the mortar, to attend one person who applies it.

This method of making mortar, Mr. Dossie says, was discovered by a gentleman, the back part of whose house being cut out of a rocky hill, the spring from the rock greatly annoyed it, and produced a continual damp, which nothing could cure till he tried the above described.

HOSPITALITY.

AMONG the Cochins Chinese, there is a custom singular indeed, but expressive of their goodness of heart. A Cochins Chinese traveller, who has not sufficient money to defray his expences at an Inn, enters the first house of the town or village he arrives at: Nobody enquires his business; he speaks to none, but waits in silence the hour of dinner; so soon as the Rice is served up, he modestly approaches, places

himself at the table along with the family, eats, drinks and departs without producing a single word, or any person putting to him a single question: It was enough, they saw he was a man, a brother in distress, they asked no further information.

CONSTANCY.

CONSTANCY of mind gives a man reputation, and makes him happy in despite of misfortunes.

There is not on earth a spectacle more worthy the regard of the Creator, intent on his works, than a brave man superior to his sufferings.

What can be more honorable than to have courage enough to execute the commands of reason and conscience;—to maintain the dignity of our nature, and the station assigned us; to be proof against poverty, pain and death itself?—I mean so far as not to do any thing that is scandalous or sinful; to avoid them; and to stand adversity under all shapes, with decency and constancy. To do this is to be great in title and fortune. This argues the soul of heavenly extraction, and is worthy the offspring of the Deity.

Endure and conquer Jove will soon dispose
To future good our past and present woes:
An hour will come with pleasure to relate
Your sorrows past, or benefits of fate.
He lives in fame who dies in virtue's cause.

ON THE FREEDOM OF SPEECH.

FREEDOM of speech is the privilege of man; the peculiar privilege of an American; it is abused when virtue is drawn in a forbidding, and when vice is painted in a seducing light; it is abused when truth is obscured by dark shades, and when falsehood is dressed in the most captivating colours; it is abused when truth is obscured by dark shades, and when falsehood is dressed, in the most captivating colours; it is abused when liberty is exhibited bound in chains, and when tyranny is placed in a pleasing point of view, embellished with every ornament which can dazzle and delude. To drop the pencil—he, surely whatever be his rank in life, whatever be his post in society, discovers neither wisdom nor benevolence, who endeavours as a politician, to loosen the bands of morality; and as a moralist, to weaken the ties of religion.—Such a man, whatever be his rank in life, whatever be his post in society, is not a friend to mankind—nor himself.

NEWARK, JULY 7.

THE force of habit is perceived and acknowledged by every person of discernment. It is allowed to have a more steady controul over our actions, than any other principle or propensity whatever. Such being its influence, too much pains cannot be taken to contract habits that have a useful tendency. Our happiness and usefulness in life depend on making no material mistakes in this respect.

Right habits as well as wrong, are got by affixing them.

Habit hath so vast a prevalence over the hu-

man mind, that there is a scarce any too strange, or too strong can be asserted of it. The story of the miser, who, from long accustoming to cheat others, came at last to cheat himself, and with great delight and triumph picked his own pocket of a guinea to convey to his hoard, is not impossible or improbable.

The principal part of the task in educating youth consists in preventing the growth of bad habits. It is more difficult to guard the mind against error, than to create a desire to gain knowledge; and if wrong principles and actions are carefully suppressed, learning and virtue will grow up and flourish. Keep out evil and good must prevail, for the mind cannot be inactive.

—ANECDOTES—

A poor but worthy clergyman in the West of England, who possessed only a small rectory, from the income of which, he had a large family to maintain, had been under the necessity through some expensive family sickness, &c. of contracting debts with several in the parish, and being unable to answer their demands, absconded for some time for fear of being troubled; and in short, was so ashamed of facing his creditors, that he even prevailed with a friend to officiate for him on Sundays. However, considering this method of life could not last long, he took courage, and resolved to preach the following Sunday before his parishioners, when he took his text from the New-Testament in these words, *Have patience and I will pay you all.* He divided his discourse into two general heads, first, *Have patience.* Secondly, *And I will pay you all.* He expatiated very largely and elegantly on that most christian virtue, patience; after which, "and now," says he, "having done with my first head, viz. *Have patience*, I come to my second and last general head, which is, *And I will pay you all*;—but that I must defer till another opportunity." Which excellent conclusion so pleased his creditors, that they gave him his own time to pay his debts, assuring him that they would never trouble him more.

LADY GROSVENOR being asleep in her closet, with the Adventures of Perigrine Pickle before her, her Lord happened to step in, and looking over the book without waking her, took the liberty to change it for the Practice of Piety, and so left her. When she awaked she presently perceived the trick, and his lordship entering, while the book was yet in her hand, he took occasion to compliment her on her ladyship's reformation. Nay, nay, answered the lady, let our reformation go hand in hand, I beseech you—When you, my lord *practise the Whole duty of Man*, then I will read the *Practice of Piety*.

TWO BULLS IN A BREATH.

A biography of Robespierre has appeared in an Irish paper, which concludes thus—"This extraordinary man left no children behind him—except his brother who was killed at the same time!"

—MAXIM—

THE same energy of mind which urges to the noblest heights of benevolence, and assists towards the sublimest attainments of genius, may also, if not properly directed, hurry us on to the wildest extravagancies of passion, and betray into impetuosity and folly.

POETRY.

*The pleasing art of poetry's design'd
To raise the thought, and moralize the mind;
The chaste delights of virtue to inspire,
And warm the bosom with seraphic fire;
Sublime the passions, lend devotion wings,
And celebrate the FIRST GREAT CAUSE of things.*

ON LIFE.

*So teach us to number our days, that we may apply
our hearts to wisdom.*

PSALM XC. 12.

NO more may gay, delusive schemes
Beguile our hopes with golden dreams,
Nor vain ambitious power
Seduce the fond aspiring soul
To yield; or Pleasure's soft controul
Engross the fleeting hour.

Heedless, while Fate's instructive course,
With silent, unresisted force,
Pursues its dreadful way;
The fair, the youthful, wife and brave,
Sink to the cold and cheerless grave,
An undistinguish'd prey.

Extinguish the bright, the vivid fires,
That youth, and hope, and health inspires,
And faded beauties bloom;
The radiant scenes that Fancy spreads,
The gorgeous domes, and varied meads,
Conduct but to the tomb.

There tend, O man, thy every care,
Thy towering plans, thy prospects fair,
Yet fond delusion sways;
To fame you dress the votive shrine,
And vain, or guilty joys, combine
To waste our fleeting days.

O form'd for some more glorious end!
To reason's peaceful voice attend,
And trace the eternal cause
That gave birth to earth's wond'rous frame,
Inspir'd the active mental flame,
And fix'd great nature's laws.

'Tis he, first good, and fair and just,
That call'd to form th' unconscious dust,
Infus'd th' improving mind;
Nor meant the soul which virtue warms,
Which genius fires, and sense informs,
Should be to earth confin'd.

How transient, by heaven's dread decree,
Life's hours! nor ah! from anguish free,
From sorrowing pain, and care!
Unmark'd they wing their silent flight,
To shroud our views in formless night,
And bring to guilt despair.

Instructive Fate! while error spreads
Her mists of darkness round our heads,
To blind the imprison'd soul;
Still may thy moral precepts tend
My doubts to clear, my fears suspend,
And all my views controul.

Check every vain presumptuous scheme,
The charms of vice ambition's dreams,
And grief's corroding sway:
Thus life, with tranquil course shall glide,
Estrang'd to discontent and pride,
Till dawns th' unclouded day.

MATILDA.

FROM THE NORTHERN BUDGET.

A NEW SONG.

"IL FAUT DE L'ARGENT."

SINCE, to please the gay world, all our fash-
ions must be,

Adjusted and set—a la mode de Paris;
I'll sing you, my comrades, un petit chanson,
Just imported from Paris—"il faut de l'argent."

The truth of my ditty all stations must own,
From the churl at his plough to the king on
his throne.

Great George to his commons is wont to repeat,
The success of his envoys, his armies and fleet:
He laments that new burthens must still be
laid on,

And concludes a fine speech with—"Il faut de
l'argent."

Put spur to Pegasus, and take a fair start,
To the humbler of kings the sublime Buonaparte:
He darts through the nations, unrivits their chains,
Sets their tyrants adrift, and gives freedom the
reigns;

He gives them a cap and he plants them a Tree;
He romps with their wenches and bids them be
free.

Huzza! shout the dupes, we slide merrily on;—
"Just so, quoth the chief, but—"Il faut de
l'argent."

Nor can we the tricks of Sly Edmund forget,
How he play'd and cajol'd with good father
Fauchet;

How he rav'd, "My poor country is lost and
undone!"

"Catch old birds," quoth the Abbe—"Il faut
de l'argent."

To terrible France who pot-valiant is grown,
Three envoys were sent, and the sequel is known:
With seals and commissions their pockets were
stor'd;

But the deuce of a douceur for great Perigord.
Point d'Argent! the business lagg'd heavily on:
A douceur is wanting—"Il faut de l'argent."

From the clouds of high life we descend to the
vale;

There the proof of my ditty is prov'd in detail:
Quacks, scribblers and Pedlars, re-echo my song,
And sigh in sad chorus—"Il faut de l'argent."

When yet a green stripling, by destiny hurl'd,
From the arms of my parent, to buffet the
world,

The good Man, at parting, his counsel thus
gave;

"Be honest, my child—be industrious, be brave,
"But learn that no business with me can be
done,

Till the secret is bought of—"Il faut de l'argent."

The strength of this lesson too early I try'd;
At the feet of my mistress I languish'd and sigh'd:
I swore that her beauty was more than divine:
She smil'd at my raving—confess'd it was fine;
But whisper'd, "Fair ladies can better be won,
"By a douceur, well tim'd; for—"Il faut de
l'argent."

To the learn'd in the laws, I for counsel repair'd;
I stated my case, which in silence he heard;
Then my case I restated, in language more
plain,

And still, as he doubted, I told it again;
Each fact I narrated—he seem'd to forget;
And the only response was, a "but," or a "yet:"
Ah! then I remember'd, that nought can be
done

Till the secret is bought of—"Il faut de
l'argent."

E'en now, while I sing, the stern landlord dr-
nigh;

A bill in his hand, and a dun in his eye.
"Say, whence and what art thou? vile spee-
begone!

"Why still dost thou hant me?"—"Il faut
l'argent."

* We must have money.—Pronounced for
thing like *eal see de larsonz*.

From the CENTINEL.

A NEW PATRIOTIC SONG.

COME, genius of our happy land,
And bless this festive day;
Thy sons are all a loyal band;
We love thee and obey.

CHORUS.

For should the blast of war be heard,
To threat impending harms,
Secure beneath the veteran band,
We'll brave the world in arms.

Bold as our fires, not born to yield,
But scorn for scorn bestow,
The blossoms which adorn our fields,
Bloom not to deck a foe.

CHORUS—For should the blast, &c.

From traitor Friends, with serpent smile,
We'll rend the thin disguise,
Who speak of faith and love the while,
They'll pillage and despise.

CHORUS—For should the blast, &c.

Here once, by folly's sons display'd,
The Gallic standard shewn,
Nor ribbands now our feasts invade,
Here waves our flag alone.

CHORUS—For should the blast, &c.

With generous wine your bumpers fill,
Where purple joys resort.

Peace to the SAGE of Vernon's Hill,
To ADAMS here's support.

CHORUS—For should the blast, &c.

THE TEN COMMANDMENTS,

IN TEN LINES.

- 1 I AM thy God, who all Creation made.
- 2 To no vain image let pray'rs be paid.
- 3 Who takes my name in vain, shall feel my rod.
- 4 Revere the Sabbath, and adore thy God.
- 5 Honor thy Parents, and enjoy thy land.
- 6 Let no foul Murder ever stain thy hand.
- 7 Nor ever violate thy Neighbour's Wife.
- 8 Thou shalt not steal, but lead an honest life.
- 9 By no false Witness seek to gain belief.
- 10 Who covets aught, is but in fact a Thief.

YE sons of good Levi, who read in the Bible
Who wait on the priesthood and never are idle
I'll ask you a question, pray answer the same—
You are able to do it, or you are to blame:
In the fair sacred records a chapter stands plain,
With a number of verses contain'd in the same,
Full six of which verses are all just alike,
Like letters, same words and a similar type.
Forty words in each verse—'tis as true as you
live,

I can shew you the same and then you'll believe
Now where are those verses to often rehears'd?
And where is this chapter so curiously vers'd?

ROBINSON CRUSOE.

—NEWARK—PRINTED—

By JOHN H. WILLIAMS,
FOR THE PROPRIETORS.